

The Tragedie

By drunken prophecies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iust
As I am subtle, false and trecherous:

This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall bee.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule,

Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?

*Enter Clarence with
a guard of men.*

Cla. His maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

(pointed)

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:

O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when I know, for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,

And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,

These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,

Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,

My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee

That tempts him to this extremitie:

Was it not she and that good man of worship

Anthony wooduile her brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower.

From whence this present day he is deliuered?

We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

of Richard the

Cla. By heaven I thinke there is
But the Queenes kindred, and nig
That trudge betwixt the king and
Heard ye not what an humble sup
Lord Hastings was to her for his d

Glo. Humble complaining to he
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his li
He tell you what, I thinke it is our
If we will keepe in fauour with the
To be her men, and weare her liven
The iealous oreworne widow and
Since that our brother dubb them

Are mightie gossips in this monar
Bro. I beseech your graces both
His maiestie hath straightly giuen i
That no man shall haue priuate con

Of what degree soeuer with his bro
Glo. Euen so & please your worshi
You may partake of any thing we sa
We speake no treason man, we say th
Is wise and vertuous; and his noble
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and no

We say that Shores wife hath a preti
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing
And that the Queenes kindred are r
How say you sir, can you deny all thi

Bro. With this (my Lord) my sel
Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse
He that doth naught with her, excep
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst t

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pard
Your conference with the noble Du

Cla. We know thy charge Broken
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me

Were it to call King Edwards widow f
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